

Humorous Department.

Only a Minor Difference.—An artist relates that a newly betrothed lover commissioned him to paint a certain secluded nook in the rocks on the shore, because there he had declared his passion.

The picture was painted but before it was done the lover said to the artist:

"Of course, I will see you through on that picture, but our engagement is off, and naturally, it would be painful to see it."

"It's all right," he announced. "I'll take that picture."

"Am I to congratulate you on the renewal of your engagement?" the artist asked.

The other seemed a little confused, but quickly recovered his self-possession, and laughed as he said:

"Well, not exactly; it was the same place, but the girl was different."

Expensive Flowers.—The conversation in a Washington club turned to flowers the other night, when Congressman James L. Slayden of Texas, unfurled a gentle smile.

He was reminded of the declaration of a certain Mr. Smith.

Smith was walking through the suburbs with a friend one afternoon, when they came to a house where the gardener was doing the spring planting. For a moment they stood and watched the work.

"Speaking of flowers," remarked Smith as the pair passed on down the street, "I doubt if anything along that line is quite so expensive as sweet peas."

"Sweet peas," wonderingly returned the other. "I didn't know they were so very expensive."

"Oh, yes," was the positive rejoinder of Smith. "Thirteen dollars for a small bouquet. I just ruined a five-dollar pair of shoes, and an eight-dollar pair of trousers putting in the seeds at home."

Probably.—At dinner one evening a discussion arose about the peculiar customs in foreign countries. One gentleman told of the Chinese customs which are nearly all the exact reverse of our own.

"They use white for mourning, black for rejoicing, and mourn at a birth, while they rejoice at death," he remarked. "The needle of their compass points to the south and they draw the saw toward them to cut."

These customs may easily be accounted for, but there remains one which I cannot explain. Why do they take their soup at the end of the meal instead of at the beginning?"

Another man ventured: "To fill up the Chinks, probably."—Exchange.

Augustus and Angelina were climbing the highest peak of the Alps, and she stood above him some twenty feet.

"What!" he gasped, "what do you see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long white streak, stretching like a paper ribbon back almost to our hotel."

"Ha! ha!" he ejaculated. "It's that hotel bill overtaking us."

He'd Gondolied There.—Bacon—it is stated that Venice is wrestling with the peculiar problem of a rapidly-increasing population without being able to enlarge the city.

Egbert: "Why, I should think they could easily do it by irrigation."

Love and Mary.—Mary: "Love never did bring me luck, mum."

Mrs. Smith: "Really, I fail to see how that can concern me, Mary."

Mary: "No, indeed, mum; only now I've broken the statue of Venus, mum."—Judge.

Got a Bargain.—"I had my fortune told the other day," said one woman.

"What a waste of money!" said the other.

"Not at all. I gave the woman 50 cents, and she informed me that I am to inherit \$100,000. Weren't that a good bargain?"—Washington Star.

Modern Finance.—"We boys wish to raise some money for our club."

"Well, you want to get out and run errands, clean up yards, collect old rags, sell ashes and earn the money."

"Oh, no. Those methods are archaic. We propose to have a tag day."—Kansas City Journal.

Naturally.—Mrs. Jones:—Men never know how to love. They owe to their wives. Now, there's Mr. Blank, who is praised by every one as a successful man, but what would he have been if he had never married?—Jones—A bachelor, my dear.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Well Polished.—"See how that table knife shines, dear?" said the young wife, finishing the dish-washing after dinner.

"Yes, dear," replied her husband; "that is the one, I think, your uncle ate his apple pie with, today."

Over Fastidious.—A Jacksonville lady went to the beach.

But wouldn't go in—what a foolish notion!—Because you see, when she wished to bathe.

Another lady was using the ocean.

—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Somebody Getting His.—Church—I see a trolley line in a western city is going to be knocked down to the lowest bidder at auction.

Gotham—It won't be the first time that the "knock" trick has been known to trolley lines.

Their Bond of Union.—Tailors and lawyers have one thing in common.

"What is that?"

"Both are always ready to press suits."—Baltimore American.

In a Cheap Restaurant.—Guest—I would like a cup of tea, green and black mixed. I don't take milk. Host—One out of half and half? Weaned?—Detroit Times.

He Could Do It.—"Next time you call," said the editor to the correspondent, "bring something snappy."

"All right," replied the man. "I'll bring my wife."

Well Read.—Maude—Barriet can read her husband like a book. Marie—Well she's had experience. He is her third volume, isn't he?—Boston Transcript.

Miscellaneous Reading.

STORY OF AN ANCIENT FRAUD

How Daniel Confounded the Priests of Bel.

This is a story of the prophet Daniel which is not found in the Bible, but is told in the Apocrypha, that bundle of rejected manuscripts which once formed part of the Old Testament.

There was in Babylon, that great and wicked city that flourished like the green bay tree, a temple to a god called Bel; there every day offering was made of six great measures of fine flour, and four sheep and six vessels of wine.

These things the priests of Bel declared, the god demanded for his refreshment, and unless they were provided, he would assuredly become angry and breathe out destruction upon the city.

Now, the prophet Daniel stood high in the councils of Cyrus of Persia, who ruled over Assyria in those days, and the king and Daniel were talking one day concerning gods and the worship of them.

A Man-made God.

"How does it happen," asked King Cyrus, "that thou being a wise and devout man dost not worship Bel?"

"Because I do not devour idols made with hands," answered the prophet, "but only the living God, who hath created heaven and earth and hath sovereignly over all flesh."

"Ho," said the king, "Hath thou said, 'I will see you through on that picture, but our engagement is off, and naturally, it would be painful to see it'?"

"It's all right," he announced. "I'll take that picture."

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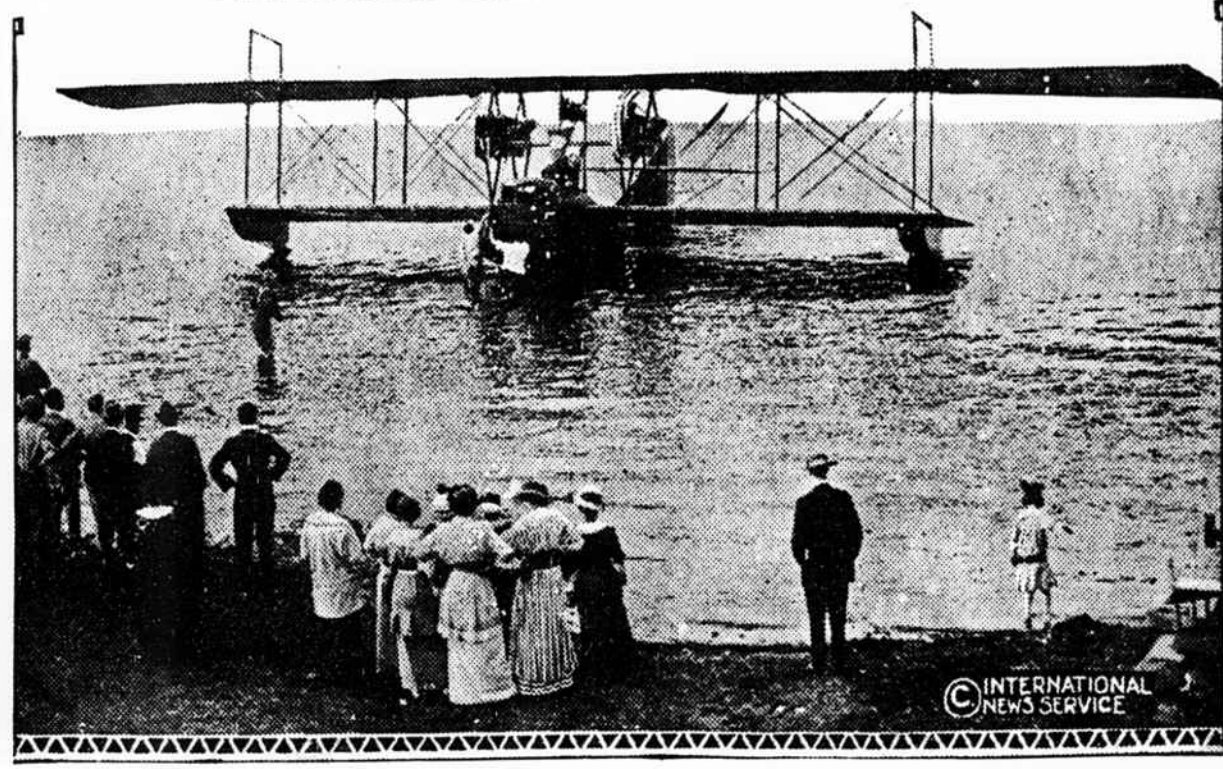
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FLYING BOAT AMERICA STANDS TESTS WELL



The Wanamaker-Curtiss hydroaeroplane America, built for the transatlantic flight and here shown immediately after its launching at Hammondsport, N. Y., is being given severe tests and is proving most satisfactory to Lieut. tenant Porte, its pilot.

WOOLING OF THE IRISHMAN

Would Not Take No for an Answer and He Won.

The Irishman is traditionally an adept in coaxing and cussing. No tongue can equal his in varied and picturesque denunciation of an enemy; none can so irresistibly wheedle a sweetheart.

True, the English of an earlier generation, crude and tongue-tied lovers, who never kissed the Blarney stone, were wont to proclaim the Irishman as fickle as he was fascinating. But that ancient calumny scarcely survives today; it is an Englishman, E. K. Oakley, who, in a recent article on "Irish Courtships," eulogizes appreciatingly the superiority of the Irish peasant lover, with his play of wit and fancy, in comparison with the stolid stupidity of the English rustic wooer, or the cheap sophistication of the cockney "Arty and Arty."

Even in the disconcerting moment of rejection the Irishman retreats with grace—sometimes with a grace that turns defeat to victory. Through a hawthorn hedge in May, I had the eavesdropper's guilty pleasure of overhearing an idyl in the lane on the farther side. Maureen had evidently just said "No" to Shaun.

"Wish, thin, if it must be it must, and if ye won't ye won't," he mourned, "but, oh, Maureen, acushla, why wasn't ye born twins, so that I could have had the half of ye?"

"And if it's twin I was ye eud that," conceded Maureen, sympathetically, "for never wud the one of me be giving ye the go-by, except for Tim Flaherty that's coming back the week with expectations, as well ye know."

"Thru for ye, thin," sighed Shaun. "Twas by the will of hivin and yed nothing to do with the matter; but Maureen as thers, 'tis yerself and not hivin has the deciding which twin ye'll be. Lave Timmy eel his expectations fr'm tither wan, and thin lave yerself speak a word to me, wud the sound there'd be in it if Timmy was out of it intirely."

"It wud still be no," protested Maureen, but not very strenuously.

"No, lave it be, and as many more noes of the same pattern as ye can lave ye sware tongue to," agreed Shaun.

"For 'tis a man wud quarrel ears on him wud be able to be sure they was not yet. I am not!"

His ingenuity and persistence had their reward, and the eavesdropper escaped during the ecstatic flurry consequent upon Maureen's surrender.

"I could not regret the experience, but I felt myself treated not quite fairly by a fate that confided so much, yet withheld the rest. I never learned how complaisant or otherwise Shaun's rival proved in the matter of transferring his 'expectations' to the no-existent twin. Poor Timmy!—Kansas City Star.

SOME OLD IDEAS

The Symbolism of Colors, Jewels, etc., as Concealed by Ages.

From ages of associations and race experiences, the minds of men have come to attach various symbolic meanings to the colors with which they have become acquainted, says the author.

Just as superstitions, beliefs have developed and in much the same manner as folk stories, myths and racial traditions have grown up. In some cases the connection between the color and the symbolism attached to it is plain and obvious, and in others it is obscure and remote, but a study of these colors and the things and qualities which they are under-

stood to signify is no less interesting. White, has a religious meaning and signifies purity, innocence, faith, joy and life. Red, especially in the ruby, signifies fire, divine love, heat of the creative power and royalty; in a political sense it is the color adopted by revolutionists. Blue, characterized by the sapphires, suggests heaven, the firmament, truth, of celestial origin, constancy and fidelity. Yellow, the golden color, symbolizes the sun, the goodness of God, of marriage and faithfulness. Green, as exemplified in the emerald, speaks of the spring of hope, particularly of the hope of immortality and of victory. The laurel and the palm are often mentioned and used as signifying these things. Love and truth, or passion and suffering are signified by violet and the amethyst. Purple and scarlet tell of things good and true which have a celestial origin. Black everywhere is symbolic of despair, darkness, evilness, mourning, negation, wickedness and death.

In like manner special sentiments have been attached to the various flowers and combinations of flowers, but their significance is more or less arbitrary and difficult to understand. The ancients attributed marvellous properties to many precious stones and gems and it is still customary among lovers and friends, in making birthday, engagements and wedding presents, to notice the significance attached to the various stones.

The agate, which is the birthstone of those born in June, is regarded as insuring health, long life and prosperity. The amethyst, the February birthstone, is considered a preventive of violent passions. The pearl, the birthstone of those born in March, is taken to guarantee steadfast affections, courage and wisdom. The garnet, which, with the emerald, presides over the destinies of those born in May, is a preventive of misfortune.

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